More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
'Ile to my rest.
Juli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of the doore?
Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petruchea.*
Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.
Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?
Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.
One calls within Juliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But